THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

MR. YOUNG,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THIS Gentleman, whose improving talents has acquired him such celebrity, is the son of Mr. Thomas Young, a surgeon of eminence, and was born in the year 1777. He was designed for his father's profession, and was educated accordingly, under the learned Mr. Bishop, at Merchant Taylor's school, where he distinguished himself by the theatrical elegance of his declamation, and facility of study. At the age of eighteen he was placed in the counting-house of an ostensible firm, and pursued commercial affairs for some time with great attention. But the attraction of the Drama soon became his chief delight, and his inclination for a sedentary occupation rapidly losing ground, he soon quitted his situation, and after several preparatory trials at the private Theatre in Tottenham-court-road, he was engaged by Mr. Aickin, then proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre, where he assumed the name of Green, and made his first appearance in the character of Douglas, and was received with very distinguished approbation. His encreasing fame encouraged him to resume his own name, and in the following season he was the admired hero of the Manchester Theatre; and

in the winter of 1802, he met with equal success at Glasgow. In the month of October, in the same year, Mr. Young married Miss Grimani, of the Haymarket, and soon after he purchased Mr. Bellamy's share in the Chester Theatre, where he and his wife enjoyed the patronage and respect of the public. But he had the misfortune to lose his amiable wife in the year 1806—a loss which he mourned with sincere regret. Soon after that melancholy event, he made his appearance at the Haymarket, in the arduous character of Hamlet. It is not our intention to enter on a minute criticism of his performance, which must inevitably suffer on a comparison with that of some veteran performers, whose merits have been long known and established; neither shall we ill-naturedly cavil, when so much was done, that he was not in every instance superlatively pre-eminent—suffice it, his delineation of a part, in which such complicated emotions require the utmost stretch of human capability, was such as to impress the mind of every one present with an high idea of his excellence: as a private gentleman his character is respectable. His person is well formed, his countenance expressive and animated, and his voice, both powerful and melodious, is managed with skill. He has performed the part of Sir Edward Mortimer with great applause, and seems assiduously labouring to secure the public esteem, as well as admiration, and we sincerely wish him success adequate to his merits, and most sanguine wishes.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. V.

"As sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest wines, so that raillery is the keenest which is found to flow from good humour and complacency." *Looker On.*

THIS shrewd remark, made by a respectable member of that family, which, as I have already observed, is nearly related to my own, occurred to me on the perusal of the following letter, as comprehensive of the only answer the subject requires.

"MADAM,

"Though wholly ignorant of your person, I have formed an high opinion of the goodness of your heart, and am, on that account, induced to make known to you the awkward predicament in which I stand, that by your timely advice others may be deterred from the like imprudence. I am one of those giddily good humoured people who love to have a hand in every thing, from the weightiest concerns of literature, to the decoration of an apple-pie.—Taste, my dear old Lady—I beg pardon, perhaps you are a spinster, and if so the appellation may grate unpleasantly on your ear.—In truth, it is an embarrassing thing to write to a person *incog.*—Since the time in which Della Crusca breathed his tender complaints, there has not, I believe, occurred a similar correspondence; however, as you seem to possess a mind congenial with my own, and love to pry into other people's concerns without discovering yourself—I will humour your whim, and solace myself with the imagination of every personal attraction. And now for my own affairs—Having been flattered in my early youth, as being endowed with a considerable share of genius and ready wit, I was not sparing of such a display of my talents as should justify the encomiums of my partial friends—I scribbled epigrams and

funny epitaphs, which served to fill up spare corners in periodical publications. This literary debut encreased my vanity, and I soon became a most excellent customer to the stationer—in short, I considered myself an author of rising reputation, and was fortunate enough to see all my productions received with universal admiration. I descanted freely on the follies of the fashionable world, pointed out plans of reform, which, however, nobody thought proper to adopt—and at the same time so tickled their ears with private anecdotes and modern small-talk, that every one was in the best humour possible; for, like children at school, nobody minded the lash, if another was whipped too. ———From criticising men, I turned to books; my self-important *humming-top* was set a spinning, and I resolved to keep it up; I flogged and flogged without mercy, still no one resented it, and I had all my own way—for I did not know that authors are not always rich enough to resent.—At length I stumbled on one whose pockets—mind you, I say *pockets*, were better lined than those of several others who had taken no notice of my pleasantries, and he paid me in a manner I little expected.—Some of his learned friends endeavoured to persuade me, that my conduct was atrocious—that I had no right to jostle another man in his way through *Paternoster-row*—and that I sat up for a wit, without either money or manners. To this I modestly replied, that I never considered money as a necessary appendage to wit, though I was perfectly aware how necessary it was to dullards—and as to manners, as I had never *travelled* to witness the refinement of foreign parts, I knew only the manners of my own country, which was for every man to do as he pleased, so that he injured no one with malice aforethought; and that if I *jostled* the person in question, he should on no account have attempted to take the wall, well knowing, by the old proverb, that it appertaineth unto the *weakest*. However, although I came off triumphant in this war of words, I am likely to pay pretty dear for the conquest, and what vexes me most is, that I am considered

by many as an ill-natured envious being, who lives on the spoils of his neighbours, and "hates that excellence it cannot reach." It is on this account that I address myself to you—I protest that I have never harboured secret malice against any of my neighbours, or even literary rivals—but I love harmless mirth, and sometimes play upon words with as much facility as Davy fingers the piano—though it seems my fingering produces nothing but discord—there, I am at it again, what am I to do? It is my hobby-horse, and surely I have as much right to mount my horse as another his—own stubborn animal. — — — Yet, though I am thus self-willed, I wish to advise others against the same incautious proceeding. It is better to make one friend than ten enemies, which will inevitably be the case if you presume to call their literary talents in question. It is true there are critics who hold the scourge with an unfeeling hand, who will even make a reputation bleed, provided they can gratify their vicious propensities, but such base conduct I disclaim—never would I, by one illiberal sarcasm, snatch the wreath of fame from the brow of genius, or wound the feelings of sensibility by an ill-natured remark—but on the other hand, I scorn to bow submissive to the superiority of a high-sounding name, or well-filled purse.—To you, therefore, dear Madam, I appeal as a relation, and an admirer of that indefatigable zeal with which you undertake to redress the injured and oppressed; if you think me in fault, I will endeavour, however hard the task, to check the prancing and curvetting of my giddy steed, and confine it to the sober jog-trot pace, which neither outstrips stupidity, nor overtakes ignorance.—The very idea already affects me like a soporific—I can write no more—"Demons of dullness avaunt," and suffer me to subscribe myself, dear little Busy Body—yours, most faithfully,

"A MEDDLER"

I am concerned to have my opinion demanded on such a subject.—If I make myself busy with other people's affairs,

it is only in cases wherein I am assured that my interference cannot injure either party—not that I can suppose my fiat of much importance in the present case—but when we call to mind that, in some delicate cases, a single word spoken in jest may produce incalculable mischief, the utmost caution must be observed, and I can only refer my correspondent, as well as other critics, to the quotation with which this paper is commenced—with the addition of the simple maxim, "Do as you would be done by."

My next subject is one to which I can reply to in a manner more satisfactorily to myself, and serviceably, I hope, to my correspondent.

"TO THE BUSY BODY,

"I am quite charmed to think that there is at least one being in the world to whom I can make known my unfortunate situation without a blush. You are, I believe, of my own sex, and, as we are total strangers to each others persons, I can unreservedly reveal to you all my secrets; which I never did before to mortal, not even my mamma.—You must know, dear Busy Body, that I was brought up in the country, in a sober domestic family, who seldom saw any company; my papa spared no expence on my education, but, I am sorry to say, that an unconquerable degree of bashfulness and timidity have prevented my making any considerable proficiency in any of those accomplishments which my parents are desirous of my attaining. And, since I have been brought out, my situation has been truly painful: when asked to sing or play, I tremble from head to foot, and I am so fearful of not acquitting myself properly, that my very timidity deters me from any display of my talents.—When any one asks me the most simple question, I stammer as if I had a natural impediment in my speech, and make such stupid replies, as must persuade people that I am an ideot. It is in vain that I strive to get the better of this *gaucherie*, my very efforts increase my perplexity; yet I am ashamed to acknowledge my weak-

ness, even to my most intimate friends, though it must be very obvious to them.—Nor is this diffidence merely unpleasant in the common occurrences of the day, I find the ill effects of it extend to my most serious concerns; in fact, it overpowers every faculty.—I was distinguished by the attentions of a very agreeable man, some time ago, and beheld him with very partial eyes, but my extreme awkwardness made me commit so many absurdities, and the desire of appearing to advantage rendered me so completely ridiculous, that he quitted me in extreme disgust.—I have read many strictures on female conduct, and have generally found the censures directed against boldness; and I must own, that the fear of being thought too forward, has made me the poor timid thing I have represented.—Besides this, I am irresolute in whatever I undertake, and always dissatisfied with myself. When I have been conversing with a person a few minutes, I no sooner quit their presence, than I recollect what I ought to have said, in preference to what I did say; and ransack my memory to find out whether I did not use some silly expression, which might afford them scope for ridicule.—If I write to a friend, 'tis ten to one but I send again to the post-office, in the hopes of regaining it; and, if that is impracticable, I am under the necessity of sending a second, to explain some error in the first.—This distress may appear very whimsical to you, but it is nevertheless a true case; and as I should only tire your patience by enumerating the various inconveniences to which this infirmity subjects me, I will conclude with a request, that you will kindly assist me with your advice and encouragement;

And remain, with respect, &c.

"DEBORAH DUBIOUS.

"N. B. This is the fourth letter I have written, the three first not being exactly to my mind. I hope you will not criticise."

Miss Dubious is entitled to my pity, yet she will be much surprised to hear the opinion she has solicited; with all her imaginary modesty, I can easily perceive that extreme vanity is the sole cause of all her mortification: at an early age I laboured under the same mistake, and suffered the same inconveniencies to which she subjects herself, but since a more general acquaintance with the world has taught me my own significance, I am less solicitous about my own appearance and the opinion of others. It is excessive anxiety to be admired, which gives rise to that *mauvaise honte*, which is in many young girls mistaken for modesty, while, in fact, were they less solicitous to appear clever, they would in the end prove far more agreeable. It is thus that many plain women are found to be so pleasant in company, while beauties are generally accused of affectation. Ease of carriage is as far distant from effrontery, as genuine modesty is from sheepishness. The two former are the result of good-breeding, sense, and dignity—the latter of vanity, ignorance, and folly. Above all, let me caution my young correspondent against an inclination towards secrecy, in the most apparently trivial actions of her life; any unnecessary mystery will but serve to increase the awkwardness she complains of, and may ultimately involve her in peril and disgrace. Let her exercise (not display) the talents she may possess, for the gratification of her parents only, and she will soon overcome the timidity which oppresses her—let her converse with them freely on the subject of her own defects, and carefully shun any clandestine connections—good books and good company will, with the help of time, do all the rest. I have in hand a letter from Miss Harriet Hairbrain, whose account of her excursion to Brighton I have not just now time to comment upon; it must therefore form part of the subject of my next paper, affairs of moment calling me away.

An account of the Anocondo, a monstrous species of Serpent in the East Indies, and of the manner of its seizing and managing its Prey. In a Letter from an English Gentleman, many Years resident there.

SIR,

I HAVE an account to give you here, which must startle you; but be assured, Sir, I shall aggravate no circumstance, but merely what myself and more than a hundred others saw, and gazed at for two whole days together. Some years since, the commands of my directors carrying me to Ceylon, to transact an affair of no little consequence, I had an apartment prepared me on the skirts of the principal town facing the woods; at some distance from my window there stood some large palm-trees, that afforded me a delightful prospect. One morning, as I was looking at these trees, I saw, as I thought, a large arm of one of them in strange commotions, bending and twisting about, though there was no wind, and often striking one end to the earth, and raising it again, and losing it among the leaves. I was gazing at this with great amazement, when a Ceyloneze coming in, I begged him to look and wonder with me; he looked, sir, and he was much more amazed and terrified than I; in short, a paleness overspread his face, and he seemed almost sinking to the earth with terror. He begged me to bar up all my doors; then told me, that what appeared an arm of a tree to me, was in reality a serpent of that monstrous size, diverting itself there with its various commotions, and now and then darting down to the earth for its prey. I soon found out the truth of what he told me, and looking more nearly, saw it seize a small animal before me, and take it up into the tree. Enquiring after this miracle, the Ceyloneze told me, that the wonder was only that the creature was so near us, for that it was a serpent but too well known on the island; but that it usually kept in the inland parts and woods, where it often dropt down from the covert of a large tree, and devoured a tra-

veller alive. A relation so strange as this could never have gained credit with me, but that I actually saw the creature, from its size, capable of doing more than was related. It continued diverting itself till we assembled a body of twelve of us, to go on horseback well armed, to destroy him. We rode near the place, but not to expose ourselves to danger, we rode behind a thicket, from whence we might, unseen, level our fire-arms at him; but, when we arrived there, we found him so much larger than we had conceived, that we wished ourselves at home again; and for a long time we dared not fire. We had now time to observe the creature, and believe me, sir, all the descriptions of monsters of this kind hitherto given are trifles to what we saw in him. The Ceyloneze all declared, he was much larger than any they had ever seen, and such a mixture of horror and beauty together, no eye, but that which saw it, can conceive. The creature was more than as thick as a slender man's waste, yet seemed far from fat, and very long in proportion to his thickness; often hanging himself by the tail from the highest boughs of the tree, and reaching the ground with his head. He was surprizingly nimble, and was now diverting himself, in the heat of the day, with a thousand gambols round the branches of the tree, and would sometimes come down and twist his tail round the bottom of the trunk, throwing himself to his whole length all around it. In the midst of one of these gambols, we were surprised to see him, all of a sudden, spring up into the tree; but the cause soon appeared, an animal of the fox kind, which the serpent had seen coming towards him, took this way to be prepared for him: he darted down upon the unwary creature, and sucked him in in a few minutes, then licked his chops with a broad double tongue of a blackish colour, and laid himself at his ease at length upon the ground; but with his tail still twisted round the tree. In this posture I had an opportunity, with horror, yet with admiration, to behold him. He was covered with scales like a crocodile; his head was green, with a large black spot in the middle,

and yellow streaks round the jaws; he had a yellow circle, like a golden collar, round his neck, and behind that another great spot of black. His sides were of an olive colour, and his back more beautiful than can be described; his head was very flat, but extremely broad, and his eyes monstrously large, and very bright and terrible. When he moved about in the sun he was, if possible, a thousand times more beautiful than before, the colours, according to the several shades of light, presenting a vast variety of colours, in many places looking like our changeable colours in silks.--We all aimed our pieces at him as he lay, and fired at his head all at once, but whether he accidentally moved just at that time, or our fears made us take bad sight, we either missed him, or never hurt him, for he took no notice of it; and, after a council of war, we all agreed to make no farther attempt upon him at that time, but to go home, and return with a stronger party the next day.—The Ceyloneze seemed to know the creature well, they call it Anocondo, and talk of eating its flesh when they caught it, as they had no small hopes of this; for, they say, when one of these creatures chuses a tree for his dwelling, he seldom quits it of a long time. I detained my company to dine with me, and the afternoon was spent in relating the amazing things which one or the other of the company had seen of these sort of monsters; in short, they told abundance of things, that far outwent my credulity; but what we saw the next day as much exceeded all they had told me, as what they told seemed to exceed truth and probability. It seems the custom of this creature to lay wait for its prey is, by hiding in the boughs of large trees, from whence it unexpectedly drops upon the creature, which is seized before it sees its enemy: but the instance we saw of this, I must relate to you.

The next morning, sir, we assembled to the number of one hundred, at the same thicket, where we had the pleasure (if I dare call it so) to find our enemy at his old post; he seemed very fierce and very hungry this morning, and

we soon saw the amazing effects of it. There are great plenty of tygers in that country; one of these, of a monstrous size, not less than a common heifer, as he went along, came at length under the serpent's tree; in a moment we heard a dreadful rustling in the tree, and, swift as thought, the serpent dropt upon him, seizing him across the back, a little below the shoulders, with his horrible mouth, and taking in a piece of the back bigger than a man's head; the creature roared with agony, and, to our unspeakable terror, was running with his enemy towards us; his course, however, was soon stopped, for the nimble adversary winding his body three or four times round the body of his prey, girted him so violently, that he soon fell down in an agony. The moment the serpent had fixed his folds, he let go the back of the creature, and raising and twining round his head, opened his horrid mouth to its full extent, and seized the whole face of the tyger in it, biting and grinding him in a most horrible manner, and at once choaking him and tearing him to pieces. The tyger reared up again on this, and words are too poor to paint his seeming agony; he writhed and tossed about, but all in vain; the enemy, wherever he went, was with him, and his hollow roaring from within the devourer's mouth was dreadful beyond expression. I was for firing on the creature in this state, but they all declared against it; they told me, they knew his customs so well, that they were now very sure of him, without any trouble or hazard, if they let him alone, but if they disturbed him in this condition, he would be so outrageous, that several of our lives would assuredly pay the forfeit. They seemed to know so well what they were about, that I readily acquiesced. Several of us spent the whole day, sir, in observing this sight; and surely the agonies of the tyger were beyond all that can be conceived, and his death more horrid than a thousand other deaths, with all their tortures put together. The tyger was a strong and fierce creature, and though unable to hurt or get rid of its cruel enemy, yet gave him a world of trouble; a hundred

times would he rear up and run a little way, but soon fell down again, partly oppressed by the weight, and partly by the writhed twists of the serpent round his body; but, though he fell, he was far from being conquered. After some hours he seemed much spent, and lay as if dead; and the serpent, who had many times girted himself violently round him, attempting to break his bones, but in vain, now let go his hold, and twisting his tail only round the tyger's neck, who was now in no condition either to resist or escape, he made towards the tree, dragging, with some pains, the tyger after him. Now appeared the double use of the tree to the creature; nature, it seems, informs this animal, that though it can conquer such large creatures as these, it can by no means devour them as they are, since their bodies are too thick for his swallow, and he must therefore break their bones, and reduce them to a soft mass, before he can manage them. This he usually does, as we saw him attempt it on the tyger, by girting his body very firmly and hard round them, by this means crushing them to pieces; but when this method will not do, he has recourse to the tree, as we now had an opportunity to observe. He dragged the tyger by degrees after him to the tree, and the creature being now almost dead, unable to stand, he seized him lightly a second time by the back, and set him on his legs against the trunk of the tree, then immediately winding his body round both the tyger and the tree several times, he girted both with all his violence, till the ribs and other bones began to give way, and, by repeated attempts of this kind, he broke all the ribs and legs in four or five different places; this took up several hours, and the poor creature all this while was living, and at every crack of the bones gave a howl, though not loud, yet piteous enough to pierce the cruelest heart, and make even man forget his natural hatred to its species, and pity its misery. After the legs and ribs, the snake attacked the skull in the same manner, but this proved so difficult a task, that the monster, tired with fatigue, and seeing his

prey in no condition of escaping, left him for the night at the foot of the tree, and retired into it himself to rest; upon which we went home, and, I must assure you, I could not sleep for the poor tyger, who was naturally so strong, that we left him still alive, though mangled in this miserable manne .

In the morning I returned, with several others, to the thicket, but, as we rode up, we saw a strange change, the body of the tyger, which was now no longer to be known as such, but looked like a red lump of shapeless matter, was dragged to some distance from the tree, and shone all over, as covered with glue or jelly; when we arrived, we saw plainly the meaning of this, the snake was yet busied about it. He had laid its legs one by one close to the body, and was now placing the head straight before, and licking the body, (which now had no remaining shape of one) and covering it with his slaver, which was what gave it that shining look, coating it over like a jelly, and rendering it fit for swallowing: and having prepared it to his mind, seized the head, and began to suck that, and afterwards the body, into his throat. This was a work of so much time, that I left him struggling at the shoulders when I went home to dinner; and, by the account of those that stayed to watch him, it was night before he got it all in.

Next morning we all assembled, for the last time, and the very women and children following us, assuring us, that as the prey was gorged there was no danger. I could by no means conceive the meaning of this, till I came to the place, but then I found it very true; the serpent had so loaded his belly, that he could neither fight nor run away. He attempted, on our approach, to climb the tree, but in vain, and was soon knocked on the head with staves.—We measured him, and his length was thirty-three feet four inches. He was soon cut up, and I assure you, sir, afforded a flesh whiter than veal, and, as they said that eat of it, finer tasted than any flesh whatever.—I hope the

curious nature of this account will plead pardon for its length; and am, with great wishes of success to you, worthy sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. EDWIN.

THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THIS nobleman, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes indeed, John is an excellent servant."—"I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and, desire that he may be turned off."—"Aye," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child; and, as you say, a trifle of wages shall not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earl. "Here," says she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and, if he is not discharged, may break our necks."—"Aye," says my lord, "is poor John sick? alas! I am sorry for him."—"I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me."—"Aye," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has be-

haved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having orde ed John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words:—"John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a-day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, "he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him, and desired to see him." When John came in,—"Well, John," says he, "I hope this bout is over."—"Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again."—"Aye, aye," says my lord, "you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain, and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now."—"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."—"So do I too," says his lordship, "but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear, I shall do mine to you."

SALE OF WIVES.

A SHOEMAKER, of the name of Smith, residing at Kensington Gravel Pits, some days since, sold his wife, in Smithfield, for *five shillings.*

A Jew, residing in Petticoat Lane, on Friday, sold his wife in Smithfield market, with the customary appendage of a *halter*, to an Irish labourer, for *three shillings.*

At Billingsgate, on Friday evening, a weaver sold his wife to a sailor, for a *pint of gin* and a *gallon of porter.*

Observer, Sunday, July 10, 1808.

When a man reads such accounts as these, (and they are but too often met with) can he restrain the feelings of his indignation against the brutality of such public scandal, and lift not his voice to the powerful arm of justice in favour of an insulted and degraded victim.

Oh, heavens! on what land did I see the shocking spectacle of a poor forsaken female led by a *halter* to a market, and there sold like a beast of the field? On thy land, oh, dear and noble Albion! where even the brutes share the benevolence of thy laws—on that land, which, like a *sun* in the political system of the world, moves majestically within the bright orb of power, riches, freedom, and glory, whilst the rest of the universe vainly struggles, or meanly crawls, beneath the reunited weight of oppression, misery, and ignorance *.

The abolition of a practice, so contrary to christianity and civilization, would be in every respect agreeable to the British constitution, whose noble and generous spirit equally protects the highest that commands, and the lowest that obeys.

* When this was written, the magnanimity of the Spanish nation had not yet generally broken out into that patriotic *blaze*, by which the despondent gloom of so many years is at last cheered by a ray of consoling hope.

If virtue and beauty can ensure to women the love and protection of men, where ought they to be more beloved and protected than in the British Isles? The practice of selling wives represents man under the character of such an uncivilized and unchristian wretch, that the horrid custom, though confined to the lower class of people, is a real blot on the national character; it slanders the British constitution, whose generous spirit is the bane and the foe of the oppressor, and the ever dear and cherished asylum of the oppressed.

Matrimony, and respect to the matrimonial state, ought to be particularly encouraged and enforced among the lower class of people, for it is powerfully conducive to their good morals; it renders them active and industrious—it gives them ideas of order—it supplies, in some respect, the defects of their education—it softens, it harmonizes their hearts and manners—it cheers the low vallies of life with some rays of bliss—and when the poor thinks, that by his hard labour he earns the comfort and subsistence of a beloved wife and family, he will not only be reconciled to the seeming injustice of his lot, but he will even bless the sweat of his brow.

Woe to the man, whose daring hand strikes at that first root of public virtue and individual happiness! he is a traitor. Woe to the man, who makes of matrimony a chain, or a weight, to oppress and torment, and not the pledge and the tie of a dear and lasting affection; let that wretch be driven from the society of civilized men, let him haunt caverns and forests, even there the brutes will make that monster blush.

Religion and nature have attached to the character of a wife something so respectable and dear, that he who violates the vow of conjugal affection, must indeed be of all men the most wretchedly ungrateful and mean. A wife ought to be, for her husband, a second divinity: to that ever dear idol of his life he ought to consecrate every thought of his mind, every affection, every wish of his soul. A thousand

times pressing her dear frame to his loving heart, let him exclaim with the immortal and sublime poet of human misery and feeling, Young—

" When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
" And my eyes darken: from my faltering tongue
" Thy name will tremble in a feeble moan,
" And love with fate divide my dying groan."

N. FRAISINET.

THE SULTAN:*

A TALE.

Translated from the Italian of Boccaccio.

THE celebrated Saladin, eager to acquire a general knowledge of mankind, and the varying customs of different countries, determined on visiting the most renowned parts of Europe incognito. For this purpose he undertook a voyage to Italy, entered Lombardy, and crossed the Alps. Nothing material occurred during his journey till one evening, as he was hastening towards Milan, a city which he had a great curiosity to behold, he was overtaken by a storm, which detained him till the night was pretty far advanced. Fortunately for Saladin, an opulent citizen of Pavia was travelling the same road, with a commodious equipage, on his way to a beautiful chateau which he owned, on the borders of the river Tessin; seeing with concern the uncomfortable situation of the disguised Sultan, he sent one of his people to enquire if he could be of any assistance; to whom Saladin merely replied, that he wished to be directed the nearest way to Pavia. Thorel,

* The author acknowledges that this tale is more elegantly translated in the Decameron, or Ten Days Entertainments of Boccaccio; but anxious to preserve originality, she offers a free translation in preference to a copy.

the gentleman, alighting courteously from his carriage, advanced towards Saladin, and addressed him, "Pavia," said he, "is a great distance from this spot; you seem wet and weary, permit me to have the pleasure of accommodating you this evening; you cannot, without great inconvenience and danger to yourself, reach Pavia on foot, my house is near, and I have no doubt of rendering your stay agreeable." Saladin, charmed with the frankness and hospitality of the traveller, accepted his offer with that dignified complacency which convinced Thorel that the person he addressed was of some distinction; and though, with all his knowledge of the world, he was far from divining the real rank of his guest, he treated him with all the respect and attention due to a foreigner of consequence and merit. A supper, the most delicious, was prepared, served with taste and magnificence; and Thorel presented, with the proud exultation of partial affection, his lovely wife to the Sultan. The Signora, whose taste was equal to her beauty, exerted herself to second the hospitality of her husband. It was on a little island, in the middle of the Tessin, that the collation was prepared, under the shelter of lofty spreading trees, the branches of which were illuminated with variegated lamps, filled with perfumed oil. The domestics of Thorel, habited as shepherds and shepherdesses, attended with various delicacies, and gondolas floated round, in which musicians of skill exerted themselves to amuse their employers; and little children, resembling the sylvans of the woods, danced around with antic gestures. Saladin appeared enchanted; such an entertainment, to one unused to the manners of the country, seemed the work of magic*.—Nor was he less captivated by the charms of the fascinating Signora; unused to controul his wishes, he expressed them to her in a manner too

* The following incident is not in the original; it was introduced by the translator to heighten the interest of the tale.

unequivocal to be misunderstood; but, instead of expressing ungovernable fury, or the ignorant pride of conscious superiority, she took him by the hand, and led him towards her husband—"Thorel," said she, "this stranger, unknowing our customs or ideas of rectitude, has inadvertantly insulted me; I know you have too much good sense to resent this improperly, explain to him therefore, in his own language, the error he has been guilty of, and let him have no cause to regret the chance which has thrown him among us." Thorel, after embracing his lovely wife with rapture, thus addressed the pretended merchant—"Stranger, be it known to you, that, had you fallen into other hands, your life would have paid the forfeit of your temerity, in daring to insult with licentious offers the wife of a citizen of Pavia; but as we know you have erred unintentionally, the offence shall be overlooked—remember, henceforward, that the beauty of an European lady is her least ornament. The hearts which are united by affection, are bound together by sacred and indissolable ties, and a breach of faith is punished with disgrace, or death. With this dagger," continued he, drawing one from beneath his cloak, "a more hasty Italian would have avenged the insult offered to his wife: nor would the wound inflicted on the aggressor be more painful than that sustained by a husband's feelings. Take it, stranger, and whenever you cast your eyes upon it, let it remind you, that conjugal happiness is not to be interrupted with impunity, nor hospitality repaid with ingratitude." Saladin, struck dumb by this admonition, received the dagger with an air of contrition, which satisfied Thorel, and the harmony of the evening was restored. In the morning, after a few hours repose, the Sultan departed, impressed with a most grateful sense of the kindness he had experienced, and the generous forbearance of his host, with whose permission he saluted the Signora; and made a solemn promise that, during his stay in the country which had such claims on his gratitude, he would never again attempt the virtue of an European lady.—Saladin

kept his word; but his return to the Holy Land was hastened by the unexpected fanaticism which armed the Christians against this formidable Sultan, and spread devastation and horror on every side.

Thorel was among the crusaders who offered to carry arms against the Infidels; and, notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of his tender wife, he scorned to remain in inglorious ease, while so many of his friends and relations were already enlisted under the banners of their intrepid prince. The bad success of the enterprize is well-known; numbers fell beneath the sabres of the Infidel foe, others, the victims of disease and toil, sunk into the arms of death, and those which remained were led in triumph to Alexandria, in the chains of the victorious Saladin. Thorel was among these last, but his good sense and naturally mild disposition, led him to bear his misfortune with the dignity of a great soul, and he submitted to the hardships imposed on him with uncomplaining patience. His gentleness, his learning and talents, were soon reported to the Sultan, who, partial to the Europeans, notwithstanding their religious zeal had led them to invade his territories, selected Thorel to attend his person, and resolved to lighten the burthen of captivity. Saladin loved the chace, and Thorel was an experienced sportsman; grateful for the kindness of the Sultan, he exerted himself to please, and was soon honoured with the post of falconer. Familiarity gradually created confidence; and Saladin no sooner learned the name and country of his slave, than he was filled with the most lively pleasure, and leading him to his private cabinet, took from thence a dagger, the hilt of which sparkled with diamonds, and holding it up before Thorel, said,—"Think you that an Infidel has no Christian virtues? at least thou shalt learn that he is not deficient in gratitude." Thorel started back in surprise and doubt. "Have you forgotten the wandering merchant, to whom you made this valuable present?" asked Saladin, regarding him with a smile, "that impostor was the Sultan, whose slave you

think yourself; but who here vows to be your friend till death."—At these words he threw himself into the arms of Thorel, and they exchanged the most touching promises of friendship.

But while Thorel was thus enjoying all the favours of a magnificent and generous prince, his unhappy wife was a prey to the most heart-rending grief. The calamitous end of the crusade had filled the nation with dismay, and a gentleman of Provence, named Thorel, having been killed in the dreadful engagement, the report reached her family that Thorel, of Pavia, had fallen. The wretched wife, not doubting her loss, gave herself up to the deepest melancholy. To divert her from which, as well as to secure protection for her beauty and fortune, they pressed her to marry again. It was in vain she remonstrated against their persuasions, she was overpowered by their authority, and at length gave a reluctant consent. The day was fixed, for what she considered her sacrifice, and the preparations were beheld by her as the preparations for her funeral.

Thorel, meanwhile, was filled with extreme inquietude; he had received no letters from home: he knew well how much his own affairs must require his presence, yet he dreaded to require from the Sultan a favour so great as his liberty. Saladin, perceiving his unhappiness, pressed him to disclose the cause; and Thorel, encouraged by his kindness, fell at his feet—"Generous prince," said he, "you have loaded me with favours to which I have no claim, and you have removed your chains from my limbs to my heart. Think me not an ingrate, or that I will ever falsely lift my arm against a friend so just and noble; but you know not, magnanimous Saladin, the sufferings which tear my soul—a stranger to domestic ties, you know not the tender sentiments excited by the rememberance of a wife and family—it is for these I grieve—were it not for these, my sole happiness would consist in devoting my life to you; but I must not presume further, my tongue refuses to ask what my heart pants for." Saladin regarded him for some

time with an air of irresolute anxiety, at length raising him, he said, " Be it so; my intended kindness would be cruelty—you are free—return to your lovely wife, your darling babes, and remember, that your Sultan has sacrificed his own happiness to promote yours.—Friendship is not a less worthy sentiment than love, and Thorel must never blush to own, that his best, his tenderest friend, is an Infidel."

Thorel partook of the Sultan's anxiety, and left him with sincere regret; his voyage was prosperous, and he arrived at his native town without any accident, retaining the magnificent habit which Saladin had entreated him to wear, and followed by attendants; the inhabitants regarded him with astonishment, and taking him for an ambassador from the Sultan, treated him with all possible respect. He soon learned in the village the news of his wife's intended marriage; with a heart torn with anguish, he hastened to his own house, determined to keep concealed; and, if he found that inclination had induced her to give herself to another, he would return and spend the remainder of his days with the generous Sultan. His request to make one at the approaching festival was considered as a great honour, and he was favoured with a seat next to the bride, whose countenance, he remarked with rapture, was clouded by sadness; deep sighs occasionally burst from her bosom, and as her eyes turned on the attentive guest, her tears fell in torrents. " Come, Madam," said Thorel, " you must not yield to this sadness; this is not your first wedding-day."—" Alas! no:" she replied, " it is very different from that—but I submit." Perceiving that they were observed, Thorel said, aloud, " Excuse me, friends if I err; but it is the custom of my country, on such occasions, to pledge the bride in a cup of wine, a ceremony from which we augur much happiness—may I presume to request the indulgence, Signora?"—" I agree willingly," said the lady, at the same time filling a goblet, which she presented to Thorel; he raised it to his lips, and wishing

it might be the happiest day of her life, returned the goblet, having previously slipped into it a ring, with which she was well acquainted. There remained very little wine in the cup, and when his lovely spouse had drank a small quantity, she perceived the ring at the bottom. A sudden scream testified her joy and surprise; she turned her eyes on the stranger, who, throwing aside his turban and vest, clasped her in his arms.—"My lord—my husband—my dear Thorel, is restored to me," she exclaimed; "this is, indeed, the happiest day of my life." The guests immediately recognised the pretended Saracen, and saluted him with exclamations of pleasure. The disappointed bridegroom alone seemed chagrined; but Thorel treated him with such delicate kindness, that harmony became general, and they passed a most delightful evening, extolling the generosity of the brave Saladin.

E. F.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. VIII.

Sinclair; or, The Victim of the Arts and Sciences. By Madame De Genlis.

THIS is a lively satire on the parade which is usually made of female accomplishments and literary genius. The distresses of Sinclair are altogether of the whimsical sort, occasioned by the irksome samishness of a family, whose private meetings are solely occupied in rehearsals for public exhibition; and who, like mere puppets, are wound up for the evening's display. Sinclair, in disgust, flies their society, and resolves to form no connection with scientific characters, and quits the capital, to seek in retirement a disposition less ostentatious than those with whom he has hitherto associated. He has the good fortune to meet with a female possessing every amiable quality, modest and un-

presuming, and, struck with such rare virtues, he offers her his hand; her parents approve of his proposals, and he is informed, to his inexpressible astonishment, that the object of his preference is, in every respect, superlatively accomplished; though her talents are employed merely to enliven their domestic circle, without any ambition to attract public notice, or general applause.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie. By Miss Elizabeth Hamilton.

THE name of this respectable writer renders it almost unnecessary for us to say any thing in recommendation of a work which, though comparatively a trifling performance, as proceeding from her pen, is replete with judicious observations, and excellent maxims of domestic economy. Her picture of the national characteristic of the Scottish peasanty, is both accurate and amusing. Indolence, pride, and slovenliness, were never better delineated, while contrasted at the same time with their inherent good qualities —integrity, sobriety, and affection towards their relatives. A very pathetic scene is introduced, which cannot fail to awaken the sensibility of the reader; while the provincial dialect and awkward embarrassments, which form the humourous part of the work, are so opportunely interspersed, as to give the whole a most amusing diversity.

Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. By the Rev. Montague Pennington, M. A. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

THE memoirs of this truly exemplary character cannot but afford a fund of amusement and instruction to every reader of a reflecting mind. They are detailed with the utmost simplicity and candour, by a man of distinguished piety and learning, a near relative, and one who venerated her virtues, as much as he admired her extraordinary talents. To those who feel inclined to cavil against female erudition, we need only recommend the observation

of such a character as that of Mrs. Carter; who, though an old woman, a spinster, and an author, possessed none of the asperities usually ascribed to each of these; but contrived, by the most amiable cheerfulness and suavity of manners, to draw the affectionate attention of the young, the gay, and the fashionable, to her latest moment of existence. The celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos bears no comparison with this exalted woman; the former, though possessed of unequalled wit and beauty, could at best but enjoy the fame of a coquette, and a woman of the world,—while the venerable Mrs. Carter sunk into a peaceful grave, leaving behind her a reputation, if less dazzling, by far more glorious and worthy of imitation—the reputation of a Christian. The following extract from one of her letters will serve to give a faint picture of her way of life, and at the same time afford a specimen of the sprightly, not to say playful, style of writing, in which she addressed her most intimate friends:—

"*Deal, July*, 1746.

"As you desire a full and particular account of my whole life and conversation, it is necessary, in the first place, you should be made acquainted with the singular contrivance by which I am called in the morning. There is a bell placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a packthread and a piece of lead, which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed through my window into a garden below, pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said packthread, with as much heart and good-will as if he was ringing my knell. By this most curious invention, I make shift to get up, which I am too stupid to do without calling. Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance have threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me; for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer. And now I am up, you may be like to enquire to what purpose?—I sit down to my several

lessons*, as regular as a school-boy, and lay in a stock of learning, to make a figure with at breakfast; but for this I am not ready. My general practice is, about six, to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at others with a companion, whom I call in my way, and draw out half asleep, and consequently incapable of reflecting on the danger of such an undertaking; for to be sure she might just as well trust herself to the guidance of a jack-o-lanthorn: however, she has the extreme gratification of grumbling as much as she pleases, without any interruption; which she does with such a variety of comical phrases, that I generally laugh from the beginning to the end of the journey. Many are the exercises of patience she meets with in our peregrinations: sometimes half-roasted with the full glare of sunshine upon an open common, then dragged through a thread-paper path in the middle of a corn-field, and bathed up to the ears in dew, and at the end of it, perhaps, forced to scratch her way through the bushes of a close shady lane, never before frequented by any animal but birds. In short, towards the conclusion of our walk we make such deplorable ragged figures, that I wonder some prudent country justice does not take us up for vagrants, and cramp our rambling genius in the stocks: an apprehension which does not half so much fright me, as when some civil swains pull off their hats, and I hear them signifying to one another, with a note of admiration, that *I am Parson Carter's daughter.* I had much rather be accosted with "Good-morrow, sweetheart," or, "Are you walking for a wager?" When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagined, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. Our family is now reduced to my eldest sister, and a

* Mrs. Carter was at this period about thirty years of age.

little boy, who is very diverting at other times; but, over our tea. every body is so eager to talk, that all his share in the conversation is only to stare and eat prodigiously. We have a great variety of topics, in which every body bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the tea-kettle by ourselves; which we should infallibly do if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea I fancy I have a privilege for talking a vast deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerable silent the rest of the day. After breakfast every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about twenty different parts of my room; and, when this task is finished, I sit down to a spinet, which, in its best state, might have cost about fifteen shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play *. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time; for longer I seldom apply to any thing; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs an hundred times, to see where every body is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business, or entertainment. Of an afternoon I sometimes go out, not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do; as it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening for these fourteen years; I always return precisely at ten, beyond which hour I do not desire to see the face of any living wight; and thus I finish my day, and this tedious description of it, which you have so unfortunately drawn upon yourself."

* Mrs. Carter, in the usual course of education, had learned music and drawing, but had never paid sufficient attention to either to be thoroughly proficient.

Thus lively, without any pedantic affectation, was the correspondence of this amiable woman; who, though suffering under an almost unremitting and acute head-ach, contrived to render herself an agreeable companion.

"After the publication of her Epictetus," says Dr. Pennington, " Mrs. Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependant on her father, though she still resided with him whenever she was at Deal, which she always considered her home. But she was now enabled to live for several months, every winter, in that part of London which she never afterwards quitted. She thought herself more independent in lodgings, as well as more at her ease, than she could be in visiting any friend's house, many of whom would have gladly received her; she therefore engaged a small but neat apartment, No. 20, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, in which she lived many years. In 1762, her establishment in the country was put upon a different footing; her brothers and sisters were all married, and of course had left her father's house, (except his youngest son, her pupil; and her youngest sister, who both married soon afterwards), and he lived in a hired house at Deal, subject, from different causes, to the inconvenience of frequent removals. She thought it best, therefore, to buy a house for herself, in which her father might live with her. Her mother-in-law, with whom she had always lived upon very kind and friendly terms, was now dead, and the task of keeping her father's house had devolved upon her; she performed it, as she did her other duties: and to one of her dearest friends, who lamented the trouble which this arrangement gave her, she made the following reply, with her usual modesty and good sense:—" I am much obliged to you for the kind partiality, which makes you regret my giving up my time to domestic economy; indeed I have but very little employment of that kind, in a very private and retired family. Yet it is proper that I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends, as when my sister supplied my

place. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than I feel it to be: the true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they may be, which arise from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness."

We need make no comment on sentiments so just and pious as these, nor will our limits admit of further eulogium. We shall, therefore, conclude this brief sketch of a subject so interesting, with a passage which may not be altogether unacceptable. Speaking of the formation and establishment of a society called the Blue Stocking Club, Dr. Pennington gives the following account of the origin of the name, as well as brief sketches of the characters there assembled:—

" But though it is true that Mrs. Carter did not particularly seek for, or cultivate the acquaintance of men of letters, merely as such, yet she frequently met with many of great note at the houses of her friends; especially at Mrs. Montague's splendid table, she saw a great variety of persons, eminent in various ways: and at Mrs. Vesey's, the friend of them both, and the delight of all who knew her, there were frequent evening meetings, without form, of persons of both sexes, distinguished either for learning or genius. To these parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced; there was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman, who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told, in jest, that he might appear there if he pleased in blue stockings; this he understood in the literal sense, and, when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Bas Bleu* meeting—and this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club, since given to these meetings, and so much talked of. Nothing could

be more agreeable than these parties—Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger at his entrance—no rules of conversation to observe—no holding forth of one, to his own distress, and the stupifying of his audience—no reading of his works by the author—the company naturally broke into little groupes, they talked, or were silent; nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth or gaiety—and while, perhaps, Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties; in another two or three young persons might be talking of the operas, or the fashion; and, in a third, Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little party with his lively wit and intelligent conversation. Here were to be seen, at different times, some who once seen can never be forgotten: Mr. Burke, Mr. afterwards Lord Pery, who was Mrs. Vesey's intimate friend; Mr. Maty, Lord George Lyttleton, and sometimes his son, who, with his usual inconsistency, seemed to take pleasure in the society at Mrs. Vesey's. Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Mr. now Sir William Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Langton, Mr. Cole, Mr. Bowdler, Dr. Burney, with a long catalogue of other persons of note, eminent for character or literature, or else aspiring to the acquaintance of such as were."

We cannot close this pleasing sketch better, than by adding the following remark, by an author, who, with all his faults, mingled a thousand inimitable beauties:

"A mild and sweet tempered old man, or woman, whose mind is rather chaste than severe, and whose manners are discreet rather than grave, is the most graceful ornament which humanity can boast, and the most effectual agent which virtue can employ."

THE SHIELD AND SPECTACLES,

AN ALLEGORICAL ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 71.)

"One single wrong step may cost us the repose and happiness of our life." *De Genlis.*

JUNIUS, whose virtuous bosom had hitherto nourished no painful or turbulent emotions, was far from sharing the inquietude of his friend. Though eager to serve and assist him, and desirous of seeing the world, he considered the violent agitation which Enterprise evinced, as a trait of too exquisite sensibility, and an amiable weakness; he therefore suffered no anxiety for the future to prey upon his spirits, but soon fell into a profound sleep, during which he was presented with a vision, which made a deep impression on his mind: as he lay extended on his couch, a sudden and powerful radiance illuminated his chamber, a soft and sadly pleasing strain of music burst on his astonished ear, and he gazed anxiously around, to discover the concealed musician. In a moment the window of his apartment, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, flew open, and a form of celestial beauty appeared; as she advanced, the invisible musicians of the air increased their harmony, and Junius felt his powers of motion instantly suspended. With the light step of a sylph, the beauteous intruder approached the couch of the youthful hero, her eyes were bent with modest composure to the earth, and her light auburn tresses floated in the breeze; a deep, though transparent, veil descended to her feet, which, closely folded in some places, concealed the exquisite loveliness of her form, while in others it gave grace and dignity to her movement. Never before had Junius beheld such charms, and when, with a voice the most touching and impressive, she addressed him, he was convinced his visitor was some-

thing more than mortal.—" Prince," said the lovely phantom, " thy resolution is approved by the gods, and I am by them commissioned to encourage thee to fortitude and perseverance. Yet form not too sanguine expectations; various evils and temptations will assail thee, beneath which poor fragile mortal often sinks subdued.—Be bold—be discreet—and never fail to put thy trust in that superior power, which can alone reward thy hopes, and crown thy wishes.—Be true to friendship; nor let a shade of guilt sully thy innocence, or stain thy honour, then shall a bright reward await thee.—Farewell! we yet may meet again." With these words the fair intruder raised her veil, her eyes no longer sought the earth, but fixed on Junius with a dazzling brilliancy, while he vainly attempted to pursue her retiring figure; again celestial strains broke the deep silence, a light vaporing cloud enclosed her form; the radiance disappeared, and Junius, with inexpressible regret, awoke to disappointment. He leaped from his couch, explored every aperture, and convinced himself that his very window was strongly secured, before he could rest satisfied that no one had entered his chamber. It was a considerable time before he could feel conviction of his weakness, in suffering a dream to make such a strong impression; and, unable to sleep, as the dawn was already appearing, he summoned his attendant. An aged domestic, who had been long retained by the partiality of the Lady Prudentia, now appeared; and, to the surprise of Junius, appeared ready attired for a journey.—" What means this?" inquired the prince, " It was not you I wanted."—" Pardon the officiousness of your old servant," said Caution; " but knowing your highnesses temper and ways from an infant, I thought my services, feeble as they are, might be of more avail than those of a silly page, who, however able and willing to do his duty, lacks that knowledge and experience which age requires, and which, alas! is too often its only advantage."—" If thy knowledge and experience are to be measured by thy loquacity, good Caution,"

said the prince, "thou art amply supplied; but I fear thou wouldest prove but an incumbrance."—"Alack! alack!" cried the old man, "this is what I expected; but good, my prince, think not so poorly of me. Though I am accustomed to be neglected by the young and indiscreet, I thought my loved master, the noble Junius, had a heart too generous to slight a faithful servant, because the infirmities of nature might make him less active than zealous."—"Thy reproof is just," said the prince, blushing; "and I am grateful for this proof of thy fidelity. Go, then, and rouse my friend: the care of my armour shall be thine: in two hours time we must depart."

Enterprise, who had not closed his eyes, no sooner learnt that his friend was also awake, than he hastened to him, and heard, with pleasing surprise, an account of his vision, auguring from it the most happy result of their undertaking. In a few minutes they were joined by Prudentia; she appeared as if she had been weeping, but finding the determination of the prince was rather strengthened than altered, she resumed her composure and wonted cheerfulness. "Come," said she, to convince you that I am not absolutely the ill-natured being who would thwart your wishes, I will bestow on each of you a present of some value, and which will, I trust, remind you of my good will, and preserve you from many inconveniences on the road." With these words she stepped into an adjoining apartment, and speedily returned with the promised gifts.—"My son," she resumed, addressing the prince, to whom she always applied that tender appellation, "accept from my hand this enchanted Shield: it is, as you may perceive, composed of looking-glass, without spot or blemish; and its most valuable property is, that though composed of such fragile materials, it can only be broken by one possessing every virtue in a greater degree than yourself. While it remains without a flaw your life is safe; but no sooner shall a superior power destroy its surface, than you will be exposed, without protection, to every attack; remember,

therefore, that your safety depends on the care with which you preserve yourself from the contamination of vice; and, least you should unguardedly rush into perilous situations, the mirror will become visibly sullied the moment you are deviating from the path of rectitude." Junius embraced his kind aunt with affection and gratitude, proudly assuring her, that he would speedily restore to her her Shield unbroken and unsullied. The Lady Prudentia then bestowed on young Enterprise a scarf, beautifully embroidered, on which the words Love and Friendship were curiously wrought and intermixed, encircled by a never fading wreath of laurel; and to the aged domestic, who had so long been a favoured dependent on her bounty, she presented a pair of Spectacles.—"Take these, old man," said she, "and preserve them with care, for they are a gift well worthy of thy services, and will prove of needful help. They were constructed by a sage named Circumspection, and were consigned to my care by my venerable friend, Foresight; by the miraculous assistance they are capable of affording, you will be enabled to find your way out of any labyrinth, to discover danger at the greatest distance, and moreover, they possess the incalculable advantage of penetrating whatever deception may be practised upon you; but observe, they are not to be used on frivolous occasions, or they will lose their excellent qualities, and perplex your mind with unjust doubts and ridiculous apprehensions.—To you, my gallant heroes, I now recommend this worthy servant, use him kindly, and excuse his imperfections; you will find him a faithful follower and sincere friend." She then saluted them respectively, and retired to her own apartments, to offer up her prayers for their safety and prosperity.

Having made all necessary arrangements, the knights were soon ready to depart. The prince was mounted on a favourite steed named Perseverance, a stately animal, of high mettle and steady pace. The horse which Enterprise selected was called Impatience, from his known swiftness and martial spirit; he was ever foremost in the chace, and

when he heard the din of arms no curb could restrain his impetuosity. Caution followed soberly behind on a mule, and they proceeded, thus mounted and properly equipped, in most excellent spirits. They travelled without halting for many hours, following at first the inclination of their steeds, to whom they had, according to the custom of the times, resigned the guidance, the path being to themselves a matter of doubt or indifference. Nothing of material import occurred during the first day's ride, on the second they entered a winding road, which Junius had never before observed in any of his pleasurable excursions. They pursued the beaten track, with anxious expectation of some adventure, till they arrived at an opening which was bounded by a spacious river. "Here we must halt," cried Junius, "for if I mistake not, this water encircles our island, and my good aunt charged me not to trespass on other territories; it befit us to consider what course we can pursue next."—"We seem to have made a circuit of the island," replied Enterprise, "and it is not likely that we shall find within it the objects of our search; highly as I respect the Lady Prudentia, I must acknowledge myself unwilling to be deterred from my undertaking by the suggestions of female timidity. Therefore excuse me, prince; but if you already repent your determination, it is not too late to retrace your steps; yonder I see a bridge, which I am resolved to pass. I feel a secret impulse leading me on."—"I have given my promise," returned the prince, "and will not recede." He then gave his horse the spur, and they soon reached the bridge. As they were crossing it, Caution perceived something glitter on the ground, he alighted from his mule, and, on a nearer inspection, discovered it to be a woman's slipper, spangled with silver.—"Gramercy," cried the old man, viewing it on every side, "this is pretty enough, and no doubt once covered a pretty foot; look you, my prince, a gentler step than ours has passed this way."—"What do I see?" exclaimed Enterprise.—"Oh, my Junius, this is the very slipper which my poor sister had on the day when

she was so basely enticed from the castle. This is the bridge of Timidity, beyond which virgins are strenuously cautioned never to pass; and, no doubt, in her struggles to avoid the threatened dangers, she left this slipper behind her. Did not I tell you that I was in the right path?"—"I am happy that we have now some clue to guide us," said Prince Junius, at the same time casting a look of dejection upon the lofty spires of the palace, which now met his view, though far distant; for although he was willing to serve his friend, he felt not such sanguine expectations: but recollections of his delightful vision gave fresh hopes, and he soon banished every unpleasing apprehension from his mind. Arriving at the other end of the bridge, a most delightful prospect opened to their view: a fertile valley, watered by a beautiful lake, invited them to proceed, and the harmony of the feathered tribe, on every branch, gave life and rapture to the scene. The sun had already passed the meridian, and its scorching rays fell with unchecked power upon the heads of the travellers; fatigue and heat oppressed them sorely. The steed of Enterprise had gained ground rapidly, and that of Junius kept pace with him, but Caution was left behind at a great distance; and the prince, mindful of his age and imbecility, proposed alighting for a few moments, to wait for him. They accordingly seated themselves on the flowery border of the lake and having refreshed themselves with a draught of the water, they stretched themselves at their ease on the grass, and soon sunk into a gentle slumber. By this time Caution had reached the spot: perceiving the situation of his masters, he seated himself at a respectful distance, intending to watch till they should wake; but the oppressive heat which he had endured, and the delightful contrast which their present shady retreat afforded, lulled his senses into temporary oblivion, and he soon fell into a profound sleep. Enterprise was the first who opened his eyes; he gazed a few moments on his sleeping companions, and, unwilling to disturb them from repose so needful, he resolved to watch

by their side a little longer, ere he aroused them. While his eyes wandered with pleasure over the enchanting scenery which surrounded him, he beheld a youthful female descending from a small eminence at some distance: she was habited in fantastic garments, and had somewhat the appearance of a wood-nymph. She approached very near the spot on which the travellers rested, without seeming to perceive them, and appeared busied with her own figure, as it was reflected in the lake; she danced with a light step and graceful gesture; her drapery was calculated to display every turn of her finely formed limbs, and her countenance was the most captivating imagination can conceive. Enterprise gazed in silence; the lovely damsel returned into the cottage from whence she came, and the knight imagined he had entirely lost sight of her; but once more the door of the hut was opened, the same enchanting figure appeared, and Enterprise, in breathless agitation, awaited the event. In one hand she held a small chrystal pitcher, and in the other an ivory goblet, from which she drank, and then placing them on the ground, appeared renovated with fresh vigour and beauty. Once more she captivated the knight by her grace and agility, till, apparently exhausted by fatigue, she sunk on a bed of roses, and closed her beautiful eyes. Enterprise, imagining that she slept, approached with a soft step to take a nearer view of her enchanting form; for the nymph was named Pleasure, and no small degree of reputation had her charms acquired. Thinking himself in perfect security, the gallant knight gently approached his lips to hers; the perfume of the beverage she had taken yielded a most exquisite odour, and as there yet remained a small quantity in the pitcher, Enterprise seized the goblet, and helped himself. The word *Temptation* was inscribed on the cup; Enterprise smiled at the apt motto, but heeded not the signification it contained, till he was roused to recollection by the sudden starting of the nymph, who, the moment he had finished the contents of the cup, sprung up, and clapping her

hands exultingly, burst into a loud laugh, and hastened away. Enterprise vainly attempted to intercept her flight; she was so nimble footed, that she easily eluded his pursuit, and, after tantalizing him for a considerable length of time, disappeared. Vexed and disconcerted, he returned to the spot from whence he had so imprudently wandered, but his faculties were subdued by the intoxicating liquor; the ground seemed to shake beneath his feet, the trees danced before him, and, incapable of calling to his prince, he sunk motionless on the earth.

(To be continued.)

A COUNTRY SCENE.

TO THE EDITOR,

I HAVE received much amusement from the two letters furnished by Mr. Fairplay, and willingly yield to the justice of his observations respecting children; but as I cannot so exactly agree with his correspondent's remarks concerning the country, I trouble you with this letter, hoping to prove, to the entertainment of your numerous readers, that the country really *does* afford scenes of the most delightful gratification to a feeling heart.

Intending this summer to have made a little tour with some particular friends, it was much against my will that I obeyed a summons to spend a few weeks with a sick relation in a retired village. The prospect promised little or nothing in compensation for my disappointment, except, indeed, the reflection that pleasure could not be better sacrificed than at the shrine of duty; yet, as young folks cannot always call philosophy to their aid, I must frankly confess, that I set forward most reluctantly to attend my valetudinarian cousin, Captain Cartridge. He had served for many years in the British navy, but at length, finding himself a victim to the gout, he retired to this village, where he is possessed of the family estate. I was early

taught never to repine at what is unavoidable, and I therefore pretty well reconciled myself to the change in my journey by the time the chaise stopped at his door; and I certainly had, in the course of my stay, ample cause to be thankful at the alteration of my plan. But a few farther hints of his character may be acceptable. He was possessed of money sufficient to procure him every requisite comfort of life, and those blessings which are too valuable for money to procure, he tasted in the blissful serenity of a contented mind. He valued money, for he well remembered the labours of his early days; and he never thought it could be proved more truly valuable, than when he relieved an honest neighbour from that purse to which he looked for the occasional superfluities of life. A successful attempt of this nature would give him the truest pleasure.

"How fortunate am I," I have heard him with joy exclaim, "to have put my waste money to such profitable interest!—the smiles of the poor are sweeter than the delights of appetite, and the thanks of a grateful heart more charming to the ear than the finest instrumental combination of melody."

He was revered as the father of the village; he was the arbitrator of disputes, the conciliator of petulant wranglers, and the support of all who need a protecting arm. "Welcome," said he, "my dear Charles; I was sure you would not refuse me the company of your society, and I trust you will not have reason to regret your kindness. As I understand you wish to travel, you shall travel with me; I am a traveller." He spoke with energy, and, raising his gouty foot, I could scarcely refrain from laughing. "Yes," he continued, "I am a traveller on a journey few of us think it necessary to go, but from which I derive the most substantial pleasure. I travel into the condition of my poor neighbours, and learn much in reward for my pains. I learn to be thankful to a kind Providence for the blessings I possess, and for the power to assist those who require my help. I see also much to copy, even in the lowest pea-

sant of the village; as you will acknowledge after dinner. I give two dinners every month to the honest fellows of the village, the intervening days being fully occupied in enquiring into their respective merits and necessities: and once in the month I return the visit."—"What! thus confined, Sir," I exclaimed.—"Yes," he replied; "my man Sam wheels me to the lawn at the bottom of my garden, where the happy souls prepare their rural entertainment; and I never was so feasted during the first forty years of my life as I always am on that day." We now proceeded to the hall, where about five-and-twenty cheerful healthy-looking fellows sat, expecting the arrival of their beloved president. He took his seat amidst their universal acclamations, (dictated by *gratitude*, and moderated by *respect*,) and looked around his happy company with smiles, that spoke the real pleasure of his heart. After a plain, but excellent dinner, a glass of home-made wine was the signal for their departure; their time being, as he well knew, too precious to waste in idleness or intemperance, and they drank to the health of their hospitable patron with unfeigned sincerity. A chosen few were now shewn into an adjoining room, the chief of our party being the village clerk, of whom I shall merely state, that to him the *men* were indebted for the fashion of their coats, as well as shoes, both for themselves and their horses; the *women* for washing lines, rolling pins, and milk-pails; and *children* for education and physic.

"Charles," said the captain, "the happy fellows who have just left us have thankful hearts, and I doubt not to witness excellent proof of it in the management of our rural entertainment on the lawn; we shall there have dancing and singing in the genuine simplicity of nature, a treat even for you."—"Ambrose," continued he, "how go on all your young ones; you have a pretty round number, I think: how are all the young rogues?" This address was directed to a man who bore the exact resemblance of Barker's woodman; he had at that moment finished his pipe, with which

the captain always indulged him, and exhibited a portrait of honest simplicity, that much delighted me. "Many thanks to your kind honour," he replied, "they be all pretty stout; why aye," continued the good fellow, "my dame has had nine, and one we look for about harvest time, will be ten; unless she do give I two twins, and then they will be eleven, you know. God bless them all; and God be blessed, who keeps our hands able to support them, and our friends hearts open, to assist us to give them some'at to eat."—"Your family eat not the bread of idleness," returned the captain.—"Why no, your worship; I hope not. Dame and I make 'em all do some'at for their bread and cheese before they eat it; I ha' lately made little Kate do a small matter. She do rock baby in cradle, pare 'tatoes, watch pot, and hear Tom spell."——What a lesson, thought I, would this man offer to thousands of the discontentented votaries of wealth: *their* wishes know no limits, while the contented mind of honest Ambrose knows not a wish, and all his thoughts centre in gratitude.

If this description conveys to your readers but a small part of the pleasure I experienced in witnessing it, I need not attempt to apologize for thus trespassing on your entertaining pages. C. L.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. II.

1.

FOR A COUGH.

BOIL a handful of bran with two table spoonfuls of linseed and two ounces of sugar candy, in a quart of water, till it is reduced to a pint; of which a small wine glass full may be drank frequently, and will be found of the greatest service.—To persons of a consumptive habit we would re-

commend a preparation of the Iceland moss, boiled in milk, in preference; but, for a common cough, the above is less expensive, and almost equally efficacious.

2.

TO PREVENT THE ANNOYANCE OF BUGS.

Moisten a piece of soap in water, and with it rub the face, arms, and neck, the last thing going to bed.—This is an effectual preventative against the bite of these disgusting and troublesome vermin.—The common soap should be used, as the smell of turpentine is their aversion; and though not a very pleasant remedy, it may be thought preferable to the pain and disfigurement attending their sting.

3.

TO PREPARE SHELL AND POWDER GOLD, FOR ORNAMENTING DRAWINGS, &c.

Take any quantity of leaf gold, and grind it with virgin-honey on a stone, till the texture of the leaves be perfectly broken, and their parts divided to the minutest degree. Then take the mixture of gold and honey from the stone and put it into a bason with water, and stir it about, that the honey may be melted, and the gold freed from it. Let the bason afterwards stand at rest, till the gold is subsided, and when it is so pour off the water from it, and add fresh quantities, till the honey is entirely washed away; after which the gold may be laid on paper and dried for use.—The shell gold is prepared by tempering the gold powder with very weak gum water, to which a little soap-suds may be put, to make the gold work more freely.—This powder may be applied to paper, wood, or any substance, by means of a cement of size, which should not be laid too freely on the ground, and proper time should be given for it to dry.

4.

TO PREPARE GUM-WATER, PROPER FOR MIXING COLOURS, GOLD, &c.

Take three-quarters of an ounce of gum arabic and a quarter of an ounce of gum senegal, powder them, and tie them up in a fine linen rag, leaving so much unfilled room in the bag as to admit of its being flattened by the pressure of the hand; having squeezed the bag flat, lay it in a quart of boiling hot water, and there let it continue, moving it sometimes about, for twenty-four hours; the gum will then be dissolved, and the bag may be taken out. The fluid being divided into two parts, to one half of it add a quarter of an ounce of white sugar candy, powdered, and keep the other half in its pure state, by which means a strong and weak gum water will be always ready.—Starch is sometimes used instead of sugar candy, for mixing colours that are used in strong gum water, to make them work freely, and prevent their cracking.—This is a kind of professional secret.

5.

ISINGLASS SIZE.

This size is very necessary for the cementing of leaf or pounded gold, on any substance, and is thus prepared:—Take half an ounce of the beaten isinglass, and a pint and a half of water, boil them till the isinglass is wholly dissolved, and then strain the fluid, while hot, through a linen rag; divide the size into two equal parts, to one of which add a quart of hot water, which will also supply you with strong and weak size.

6.

TO PREPARE PAPER, OR IVORY, FOR PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS.

When the proper drawing paper is used, it is sufficient to wash it over with isinglass, thickened properly with pearl

white, which will afford the colour the ground is designed to be. But common paper may be rendered stronger and fitter to receive the colours by laying on the back of it a coat of starch, boiled to a proper consistence, and rendered yet more tenacious by an addition of a little isinglass. This should be laid on very smoothly with a brush, and the paper, when near dry, must be pressed between the leaves of a book with weights. Two sheets of paper, cemented together in this manner, make a very commodious substance for painting in miniature.—When ivory is used as a ground, it must first be rubbed over with the juice of garlic, and then stained by any washing colour of the tint desired as a ground.

7.

TO CLEAN LACE, OR WORKED NET VEILS, &c.

Make a lather of white soft soap, in which wash the dirt completely out, using as little friction as possible; then prepare a weaker lather, in which some fine blue is properly mixed, through this they must be again rinced; after which mix a tea spoonful of white gum powdered, with an equal quantity of raw starch, steep them in water till they are properly dissolved, and then weaken it with more water, having previously strained it through a piece of muslin.—With this stiffen your net, and having framed it, or pinned it carefully on your ironing board, wipe it frequently with a clean and fine cloth, the right way of the net; when it is dry, a sleek stone, or cool iron, will press it, and give it an appearance almost equal to new.

ANECDOTE.

A MISCHIEVOUS wag, in the summer of 1804, during a temporary visit to Brighton, determined to play a trick on a creditable law-officer, who had indulged his good lady with an excursion to that place of fashionable resort: to

this purpose he forged a card of invitation, requesting their participation of the evening festivities at the Pavilion.—Much astonished and delighted by such unexpected distinction, the gentleman and lady prepared themselves to attend, and were admitted, without scruple, into the brilliant circle. When their names were announced to the illustrious host, his surprise was equal to theirs, on receiving the card—he affirmed that the persons were wholly unknown to him, and approaching the disconcerted guests, required an explanation. His royal highness no sooner understood the imposition that had been practised on them, than he resolved the mortification should recoil on the perpetrator, and, with the princely urbanity which so eminently distinguishes this accomplished Englishman, presented the embarrassed pair to his party, and desired they would for that evening consider them as invited guests; himself treating them with flattering attention, and by his example enforcing courtesy from those who might otherwise have been inclined to divert themselves at their expence. Encouraged by the condescending affability of the Prince of Wales, this highly honoured pair soon got over the awkwardness of their situation, and conducted themselves with great propriety, retiring at an early hour, highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

JOSEPH THE SECOND.

WHEN Joseph the Second, grandfather to the present Emperor of Germany, was at Paris, he derived much gratification from surveying such objects as were worthy a stranger's observation, without the pageantry of royalty, or the attendance of his courtiers. Walking into a coffee-house of great repute, at an early hour one morning, he politely requested to have a dish of chocolate. As he had no retinue, and appeared very simply drest, the waiter surlily replied, there was *none* ready; upon which the emperor walked leisurely away, and entered a house of very inferior note, where his request was very differently received, and the

chocolate prepared with the utmost expedition. During the time it was getting ready, the landlord's daughter accidentally came down, and the emperor, struck with her beauty, expressed his astonishment that she was not married. The man informed him that her poverty was the occasion of it, as she was tenderly attached to a young man, whose father had refused his consent, because he could not give her a thousand crowns. Joseph immediately called for pen and ink, and writing an order on his banker for six thousand livres, put it into the hands of the astonished landlord, and hurried out of the house, to avoid the praises his beneficence demanded.

Observations on the Fashions.

NO particular novelty is observable since the last month. The waists are in general longer, and girdles with clasps are worn, instead of sashes.—Deep veils seem more fashionable than those which were adopted in the spring, and coloured sarsnet is mostly preferred to muslin for dresses.—Shoes of coloured jean, with fancy binding, are the newest fashion.—Trinkets of every description are universally worn.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESS.

Fig. 1.—A slip of pale pink silk, covered with a dress of fine spotted muslin, sleeves alternate stripes of lace and silk; the back made very low and loose, and trimmed round the bottom with Vandyke lace.—The head-dress a half handkerchief of lace.

WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—A round dress of plain muslin, trimmed with lace; a scarf, with sleeves of green sarsnet, fastened with tassels.—A Scot's bonnet of white satin, with a wreath of flowers.—White gloves.

Sands sc

LONDON DRESSES for SEPTEMBER.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, September 1 1808.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE PRINCE OF THE LAKE.

From Miss Porter's interesting Novel, "The Lake of Killarney."

"THE Princess Anne to her bower is gone,
"To watch, to weep, and pray,
"Where the yellow moon shining alone,
"Lights the traveller on his way.

"Her bower is high on that lonely hill,
"Where hoary ash trees shake,
"And down below, sublimely still,
"Lieth Killarney's Lake."

The warder ceas'd, and clos'd the gate,
And the man who ask'd rode on;
No word he said, but bow'd his head,
And heav'd a heavy groan.

The man was clad in a mantle red,
His bonnet was large and dark;
So musing still, he gain'd the hill,
The lady's bower to mark.

'Twas bleak and drear, the silent trees
Stood tall and still around;
The tall grass stirred not in the breeze,
The waters gave no sound.

But the lady bright, on the battlement's height,
He saw by the brilliant moon;
From her locks so light, and her garments white,
The stranger knew her soon.

" Ho! Lady Anne, thou must come down,
" Thy husband sends for thee;
" By the cross of stone, on the heath alone,
" He waits to fly with thee.

" For the fight is o'er, and rebel power
" Hath vanquished its lord;
" And now his store is nothing more
" But only his good sword."

" Now tell me, knight, by a warrior's might,
" I charge thee, tell me true:
" If from the fight, this fatal night,
" My love unhurt withdrew?

" Ah! be my bed the leaves that are shed,
" By autumn's hollow wind,
" If on his breast my head but rest,
" The sweetest sleep I'll find."

" He waits for thee," the knight reply'd,
" By the mould'ring cross of stone:"
" Thy sleep will be sweet," the lady sigh'd,
" But never sweet alone.

" Come mount thee here, nay do not fear,
" Though the clouds be gathering fast,
" My courser is swift, for his career
" Is like the ocean's blast."

They rode o'er hill, they rode o'er vale,
They rode through the groaning wood,
Till by the glare of the lightning pale,
They saw the holy rood.

And near it lay a comely form,
In dusky armour drest;
He lay in sleep, and the raging storm
Could not break his rest.

The warrior slept, and the lady stepp'd,
His well known form to fold;
She kiss'd his brow, but the nightly snow
Is not so icy cold.

With piercing cries she rais'd her eyes,
And the stranger stood by her side;
His mantle was gone, and his armour shone,
And his dark plume floated wide.

His steed was form'd of the foaming surf,
Which roars on Killarney's lake,
When the furious blasts its water casts,
And rocking turrets shake.

"Behold your lord," the phantom said—
"The fight indeed is o'er;
"And under this shade my corse is laid,
"To sleep for evermore.

"But thou must with me, for the boundless sea
"Is given us for our reign;
"And Killarney's lake each year shall shake,
"For its prince and hero slain.

"Killarney's hills, and Killarney's caves,
"Our lonely dwellings must be;
"Till this yearly hour, when its shudd'ring waves
"My airy horse shall see.

"Then in angry pomp thro' the waters wide,
"In lightning and thunder drest,
"Your prince shall ride, while the stormy tide
"Shall break his vassals rest.

" For three long days, and three long nights,
" Must they tremble with guilt and fear,
" Till the whirlwind cease, and all be peace,
" And I no longer there."

He spoke, and clasp'd his arms to grasp
The form of his lady fair;
But she breath'd a groan,
And her spirit alone,
Now wanders with his through the air.

MISS PORTER.

ELLEN's GRAVE.

Thou art fallen, young tree, with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is no sound in thy leaves. *Ossian.*

Rest in peace, thou beam of light. *Ossian.*

SOFT, soft, be your step, as you tread by yon willow,
For beauty and sorrow repose near its shade;
Let no burst of pleasure be heard near their pillow,
Nor smile mock the hillock 'neath which they are laid.

Tho' lowly the hillock, tho' simple th' inscription,
Which tells to the trav'ller—" *Here Ellen found rest!*"
Of her virtues, tho' no vernal lays give description,
Let mirth's flaunting spirit this dell ne'er molest.

For search o'er the mountain, the vale, or the meadow,
No flow'ret so lovely as Ellen *was* blows;
And, like the sweet vi'let beneath yon shrub's shadow,
To bloom in a modest retirement she chose.

The gay smile of joy fresh attraction might borrow,
From mirth's lovely dimple on Ellen's fair cheek;
But no dewy tear dimmed the sad eye of sorrow,
Which Ellen's soft pity to dry would not seek.

Tho' in her each virtue and beauty were blended,
They, alas! form'd the mark for the arrow of grief;
—She loved—was betrayed—and life's happiness ended,
—In death's chill embrace from her woes sought relief.

Then soft be your steps, as you tread by yon willow,
And check not the tear to her mem'ry that flows;
—And Ellen's mild spirit shall flit round your pillow,
Acknowledge that tear, and make sweet your repose.

W. R.

ANNA's TOMB.

—"Amid the strife of swords her hero fell!
Silent and pale she sunk into the tomb."

Ossian.

WHO sleeps beneath that verdant turf,
With garlands neatly drest?
There slumb'ring in her native earth,
Poor Anna lies at rest.

In yonder grove that skirts the vale,
Fast by the mountain's side,
Dwelt lovely Anna of the dale,
Her aged parents pride.

Her form was fresh as is the dew,
That glitters on the thorn;
To filial duty ever true,
Nor meanly was she born.

Edward her love, a valiant youth,
As e'er for Britain fought;
Whose heart, the seat of manly truth,
With ev'ry grace was fraught.

When *Albion's conqu'ring standard* flew,
Her haughty foes to foil;
Join'd far-fam'd NELSON's daring crew—
The HERO OF THE NILE!

'Twas at TRAFALGAR'S *glorious fight*,
Where (crown'd with victory's wreath,
The STAR OF BRITAIN set in night—
And NELSON slept in death!)

Proudly the *Victory* stemm'd the tide,
The *fleets combin'd* to quell;
When fighting by his leader's side—
The gallant Edward fell!

Alas! too soon the dismal tale
Met Anna's grief-struck ear;
With wild amaze, and terror pale—
Her blood congeal'd to hear.

'Twas then the rose forsook her cheek,
In sad despair she sigh'd;
Dejected, sorrowing, pale, and weak,
She droop'd—she pin'd—she died!

And since on each revolving day,
That marks her early doom;
Affection's tearful rites to pay,
The village maids, with flow'rets gay—
Deck hapless "Anna's Tomb."

F. C. S. TRAFALGARIUS.

August 1, 1808.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

FROM Eastern climes, with all peaceful train,
Pale night unfolds, in sober aspect drest:
O'er Albion's Isle she spreads her soft domain,
Whose awful shades bid all retire to rest.

No more the shepherd tunes his dulcet reed,
No longer lingers near the lov'd retreat;
He drives his sheep across the silent mead,
Then homeward hies, pure happiness to greet.

And now the moon amid the starry race,
From skies down shoots her silv'ry beam;
Shining serene o'er nature's dark'ning face,
Whilst undisturb'd slow glides the winding stream.

*O gentle night, may thy sweet tranquil reign
Soothe every sorrow of this aching breast;
Restore exhausted nature's powers again,
And give to innocence its balmy rest.

MINCING LANE, FENCHURCH STREET, W. BROWN.
July 20, 1808.

EPIGRAM,

To a Lady who sent a Present of some Preserves.

EACH one who tastes, must surely own
Your hands PRESERVE with skill!
Yet what avails it? since 'tis known,
Your eyes as often KILL.

MUSEUM.

AN ENIGMA.

FROM brute, or insect, I my being claim;
From man my form, my colour, and my name;
And in return I prove a useful friend,
Though on the ladies chiefly I attend;

*W. B. is requested to excuse the liberty taken with this verse, the original being incomplete.

With them I'm seen at op'ra, park, and play,
And seldom quit them all the live-long day.
But, at a ball, most necessary there,
For *beaux*, nor *belle*, without me durst appear:
Though oft in robe of innocency drest,
I can disguise and mask it with the best;
Make Chloe pass for an unwedded dame,
And flatter luckless Strephon's first sight flame;
When she discards me, woe to Strephon's life,
The charming Chloe's known to be a wife.
Though pilfering is deem'd a fault at least,
Yet stealing me is thought a merry jest;
And though in peaceful scenes I take delight,
I have been made a signal for a fight.

M. P. M.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

A Comb.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "Debates for the Ladies" is unavoidably deferred till our next number.

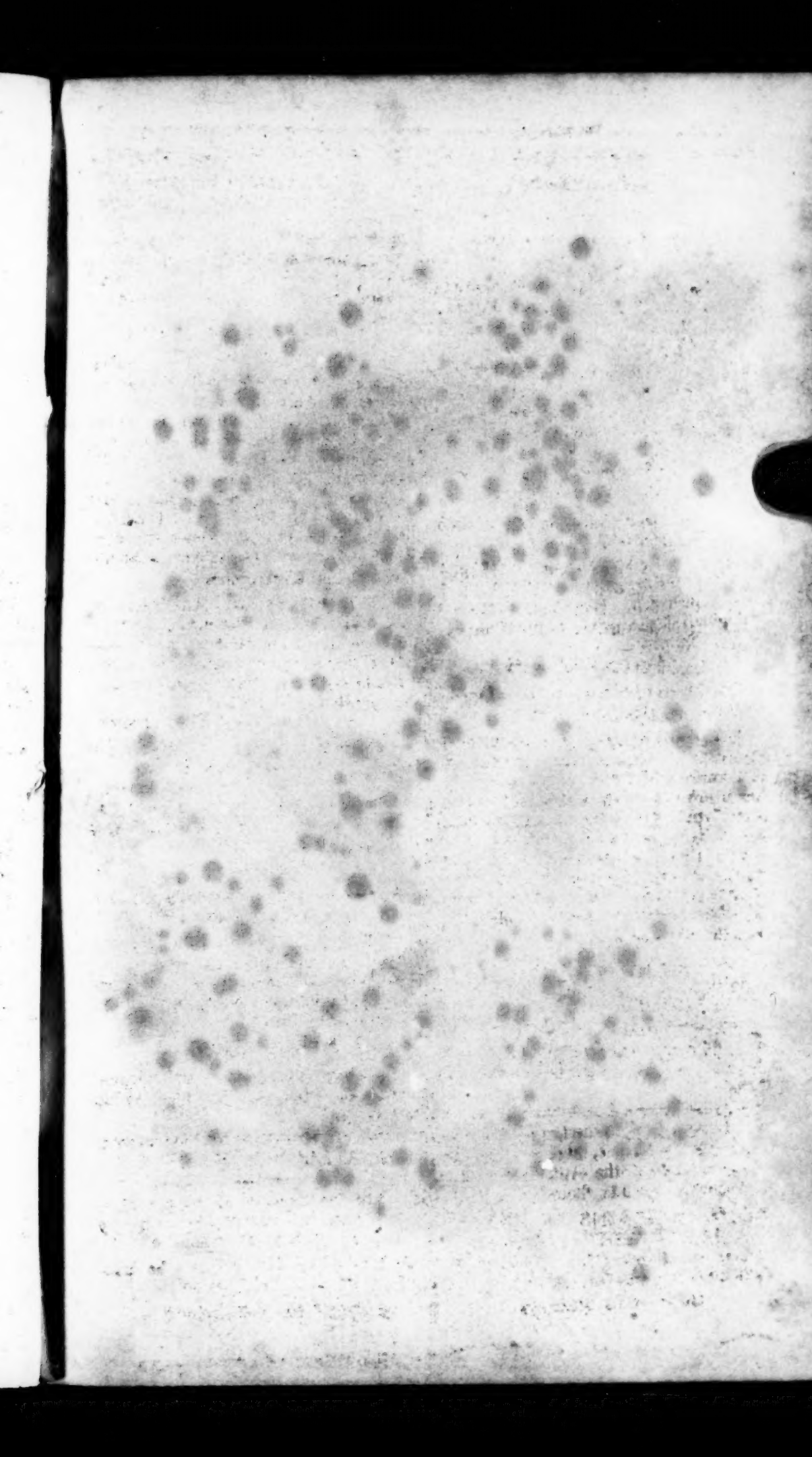
We must again remind our correspondents to favour us with their contributions as early as possible; our copy is generally arranged by the 12th, after which we cannot conveniently insert any piece till the following month.

To Patty Puzzlepate--We beg to assure this ingenious young lady, that whenever we receive a set of Enigmas, or Charades, worthy her attention, they shall be inserted.

Romantic Sketches are written with taste, but we fear they are but merely fragments, which would not suit us. If the author will oblige us with a few more, we shall be enabled to form a better judgment.

Want of room has obliged us to omit the first act of the Drama--"Jealousy, or Harm Watch Harm Catch."

The Narrative of Major Andre's Death came to hand too late for us to notice this month--it shall have place in our next.



Mr Dickons